

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

The Part

Par Luke Combs

Album : Gettin' Old (Album)

Packin' that bag you unpacked yesterday
Watchin' the world through the windowpane
From the second row of a ten-man van
That you've been callin' home
It ain't quite the life you dreamed about
When momma calls and you miss it
'Cause you're on stage at damned ole one-off show

They tell you 'bout the old guitars

The songs that bought the house and cars, and

How your hometown's proud, of where you are

And your name upon the marquee sign
But not the dark that comes to find you
Every single time the lights go down

Yeah, that's the part, they don't tell you about

You try to dry her eyes from a thousand miles apart
And hope that Band-Aid on her heart
Sticks just long enough, for you to make it home
She feels like she comes in second place
To plaques on walls and long highways
She needs somethin' more than words to hold on to

They tell you 'bout the old guitars

The songs that bought the house and cars, and

How your hometown's proud, of where you are

And they tell you 'bout the girls you'll get
But not the one you're gonna miss
While they scream your name again, in some small town

Yeah, that's the part, they don't tell you about

When you're doing it all right
And man, it still feels wrong
Breakin' her damn heart
Chasin' these damn songs

Thinkin' man, it ain't that hard

Strum some chords on that old guitar

Do some shots in a smoky bar

And everybody knows your name

'Til they're chaning out the marquee sign

Then that darkness comes to find you

When everyone's gone home, and the lights go down

Yeah, that's the part, they don't tell you about

They don't tell you about

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